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G. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO., Proprietors.

CALVERT, : : NEBRASKA.

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

I sat me down upon my nest;
I covered with my soft, warm breast
  Eleven eggs so fair and white,
And knew, or thought I knew, that when
A certain time had passed, that then
  Eleven chicks would greet my sight.

Three weeks in this most dignified
Retirement did I sit and bide
  My time. I did not even take
The necessary exercise.
From dawn to dark, sunset or rise,
  I sat there, for dear duty's sake.

I hardly dared to eat or sleep,
Lest I should miss the first faint peep.
  If ever living hen did try
To do her very level best
By eleven eggs in a nest,
  Her utmost duty, then, did I.

I heard them peck against the shell;
I was more glad than I can tell;
  So glad was I when first they peeped.
And now the end is come, and now,
I pray you, let me tell you how,
  And what the sad reward I've reaped.

When first they left the nest, my eyes
Were stricken with a great surprise;
  With dire dismay my heart was struck.
They waddled! waddled! Do you hear?
As sure as I am standing here,
  My every chicken was a duck!

Imagine, if you can, in part,
The sadness that weighed down my heart
  When first this broke upon my view;
A sense of confidence abused,
A sense of being most ill-used
  Made me a sad hen through and through.

I'd had my dreams: how I would bring
Each little, feathery, fluffy thing
  Up unto henhood, fair and sweet,
And now what chance have I? It fills
My heart with grief to see their bills
  And their ridiculous webbed feet.

Hens have some rights! I do not know
That there is aught that I can do;
  But I'm resolved, for one, that, when
I'm so imposed upon, I'll dare
To tell the story everywhere.
  I will, indeed, though but a hen.

—*Carlotta Perry, in N. Y. Independent.*

DAISY GREEN MAKES CALLS.

"Daisy," said her mother one day, "I wish very much to know how Mrs. Morton is this afternoon, but I am too tired to go out. Do you think you could go and inquire without getting lost?"

"Oh, yes, mamma!" exclaimed Daisy, eagerly, "I know the way, and I'll go and do the errand and not run, or tumble down, or stop to play, or go anywhere else."

"Very well, then, I will trust you," answered Mrs. Green, and Daisy started out with great delight.

Mrs. Morton was one of Mr. Green's parishioners, and was quite sick; she lived but a few blocks away, yet it was farther than Daisy, though nearly seven years old, had ever yet ventured alone. She walked on with an amusing air of importance, and soon reached Mrs. Morton's door. Mrs. Morton's servant answered her ring, and told her that the lady was decidedly better. Daisy said her mamma would be "very much relieved to hear it," and turned away, but at the gate she paused to revolve in her active brain a plan that had just occurred to her. Why not make some more calls now that she was out? Most likely mamma would like to hear from some other people, only she didn't think to mention it; and Mrs. Burke lived just around the next corner, so temptingly near. So a few minutes later Daisy was ringing Mrs. Burke's bell. Mrs. Burke came to the door herself. "Why Daisy!" she exclaimed, "did you come alone?"

"Yes'm," answered that small sinner, "Mamma sent me to see how Mrs. Morton was, and I thought I'd see how you was, I knew mamma would like to know."

"Well, I'm nicely, thank you!" laughed Mrs. Burke, "won't you come in?"

Daisy followed Mrs. Burke into the sitting-room where her little girl, a lovely little creature about two years younger than Daisy, was playing with her baby sister. Daisy refused Mrs. Burke's invitation to take off her things and play with the children, and rested herself stiffly on the sofa saying: "I told mamma I wouldn't stop to play with anybody, and I only come to make a stylish call on you."

"Well, I feel quite honored," laughed Mrs. Burke.

"I should think you would," said Daisy, benevolently, "but it's no trouble to me, I like to make calls, but my papa just hates it!" Oh, Daisy! There was a brief silence; Mrs. Burke was trying to crowd out of her truly Christian heart a feeling toward her minister that would fain have expressed itself in the words: "then I hope he won't trouble himself to call here very often," and Daisy was trying to think of some topic of conversation befitting the dignity of her position as a young lady making calls. At last she opened with:

"Did you go to hear the sunflower man when he was in Boston?"

"The sunflower man! Whom do you mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Burke.

"Well, that's what I call him; he calls himself Oscar Wilde, he tries to write poetry sometimes when he don't feel well; my papa went to hear him lecture one night."

"How did your papa like him?" asked Mrs. Burke.

"I don't know, but he said he was terribly asthmatic," replied Daisy.

"I guess your father said æsthetic, didn't he?" suggested Mrs. Burke.

"Perhaps that was it," replied her caller, "but I suppose it don't make much difference."

"It might make considerable difference in the young man's feelings!" laughed Mrs. Burke.

The baby now began to cry, and Mrs. Burke's attention was diverted from Daisy a few minutes and the latter soon took her leave.

A few blocks further on lived Mrs. Chellis, and here Daisy made her second call. Mr. Chellis was at home and had been smoking and the room was still full of the fragrance of his cigar. No sooner was Daisy seated than she curled up her little nose and said: "I should think there was a queer smell here!"

Mr. Chellis laughed and said: "I have just been smoking, and, of course, you are not accustomed to that sort of thing."

"Oh, yes I am!" exclaimed the irresponsible child, "my papa smokes, but mamma don't let him smoke in the parlor; he has to go down cellar to smoke."

"Well, I never would have believed it!" ejaculated Mrs. Chellis.

"If the truth were always known, there wouldn't be so much to choose between saints and sinners after all," said Mr. Chellis, with ill-concealed satisfaction at having apparently discovered a flaw in his minister.

By this time Daisy's attention was attracted by Mrs. Chellis' hair, which was quite elaborately done up on her head and down on her forehead. Daisy had often wondered at its marvellous arrangement, and now determined to satisfy her curiosity. "Do you wear store hair, Mrs. Chellis?" she asked.

Mr. Chellis laughed heartily at his wife's evident discomfiture under this abrupt question, and said: "Good for you, Daisy!"

This irritated his wife still more, and she said:

"You are a very impolite little girl, Daisy Green; my hair grows on my own head."

"She means that a part of it grows there, Daisy," said Mr. Chellis, still laughing, but Daisy felt quite mortified at being called impolite, and hastened to apologize.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Chellis, I thought store hair was very nice; I see lots of it when I go in town with mamma. I saw some real pretty yellow curls in a window the other day, and I wanted mamma to buy them to wear on her head, but she said she didn't propose to make a sunflower of her head by putting yellow curls round her black braids."

"You must try and cultivate your mother's tastes, Daisy, don't let her fall behind the times," said Mr. Chellis.

"I do all I can for mamma," replied the mature young person of seven, "I heard her say one day that I taught her a good many lessons; but she'll be worrying if I don't go home;" and Daisy rose and went toward the door.

"Come again, Daisy," said Mr. Chellis, "I find you a very entertaining little girl; I have enjoyed your call exceedingly."

"I'm afraid you don't mean all that; it sounds as if you were making fun of me," said Daisy."

"I'm glad you can see through him, Daisy," interposed Mrs. Chellis, "he isn't to be trusted."

Daisy took the shortest way home, but in so doing had to pass the place where Miss Helen Lawrence boarded, and it occurred to her to stop there a moment. Miss Lawrence was a maiden of at least thirty-five, a lovely woman whose only weakness was a foolish sensitiveness concerning her own lonely condition, she always feared lest people should think she had remained unmarried because no one had wanted her. No sooner was Daisy seated in Miss Lawrence's neat little parlor than she unconsciously attacked her at this weak point by blandly remarking:

"I thought likely you'd be lonesome, seeing you're an old maid, so I run in to make you a call."

"Very kind, I'm sure," murmured Miss Lawrence; "who told you that I am an old maid?"

"Why, I've heard my mother say you was, and she thought it was a great pity, and she said she guessed you would be glad to marry Mr. Adams," said the terrible caller.

"You may tell your mamma that I am not ready to fall into Mr. Adam's arms yet," answered Miss Lawrence shortly, and she left her seat and commenced to water the plants that filled her bay window. "I think," she continued, presently, "that you had better go home, Daisy, your mother would be distressed if she knew what you were about." Both felt uncomfortable. Miss Lawrence felt hurt that her pastor's wife had spoken of her as an old maid, and the accusation of wishing to marry Mr. Adams was the more bitter because in the depths of her heart there had been just such a wish. Daisy felt hurt at being advised to go home; she didn't believe it was quite proper to send callers home. But after a brief hesitation she started. She had gone but a few steps from Miss Lawrence's door when she met Mr. Adams.

"Why Daisy," he exclaimed, "are you really out alone this afternoon?"

"Yes, I'm making parish calls," she replied, with a most important air; "I've just been to see Miss Lawrence, and I told her she'd better get married to you, but she said she wasn't ready to fall into your arms yet."

"Whew!" exclaimed the surprised gentleman, "I'm very much afraid your parish calls have been of a very eccentric nature. You had better cut for home as fast as those small legs will carry you," and Mr. Adams passed on, but as he went by Miss Lawrence's window he glanced up, and, seeing her flowers, bowed and smiled. As she returned his greeting the recollection of Daisy's words caused her to blush, and Mr. Adams wondered that he had never before noticed what a very lovely woman she was, and how girlish she looked when she blushed.

Daisy reached home without further adventure, and found her mother greatly alarmed at her long absence. Daisy frankly confessed where she had been, and her mother talked kindly with her about her wrong doing, but the child interrupted with:

"O, mamma! I most forgot; Miss Lawrence told me to tell you that she isn't ready to fall into Mr. Adam's arms yet."

"What do you mean, Daisy? How came Miss Lawrence to say such a thing?" questioned the surprised mother.

"Why, I told her that you thought she would like to marry Mr. Adams."

"Oh, Daisy! I wonder how much mischief you have made this afternoon; I am so sorry you cannot be trusted;" and poor, discouraged Mrs. Green looked as if she could endure no more. A few days previous to Daisy's escapade, Mr. and Mrs. Green had been speaking together of Miss Lawrence, whom they both greatly admired, and Mrs. Green had said that it was a wonder that so lovely a woman had been allowed to remain unmarried, and that she should think Mr. Adams would try and get her, adding: "I don't believe she could help liking him." It was this conversation that Daisy had so strangely misrepresented. Mrs. Green went to see Miss Lawrence without delay, told her of the message which the child had delivered, and then made a full and honest confession of the conversation which had passed between herself and husband. Miss Lawrence was greatly relieved to find that her friend had not spoken slightingly of her as Daisy's words had seemed to indicate, and the two ladies parted as sincere friends as ever.

A few days later Mr. Green met Mr. Chellis on the street, and after chatting a few moments, the latter, who was smoking, offered his pastor a cigar. A little surprised, yet taking the offer as a joke, Mr. Green laughingly refused.

"Don't be bashful about it," said Mr. Chellis, "we have found you out; Daisy 'let the cat out of the bag' the other day."

"I don't understand you," said Mr. Green, with a bewildered look.

"Daisy told us the other day that you were a smoker," and Mr. Chellis repeated the conversation which had passed between them on the occasion of Daisy's call.

"Well! Well! exclaimed the father of that small mischief-maker, "the fact is, I have been inhaling iodine for my throat, and Daisy calls it smoking; I keep my inhaler down cellar, and use it there because the odor is so offensive. But I should think people would make allowances for children's stories. Daisy always gets things mixed and distorted in some way."

Mr. Chellis made profuse apologies for having credited such a thing of his pastor for a moment, but he thought with dismay of the dozen or more particular friends to whom he had confidentially imparted the fact that their pastor was addicted to smoking.

There was also in the depths of his worldly heart a secret regret at having found that the flaw in his pastor's character was wholly imaginary, yet he was really an honorable man, and lost no time in contradicting the story he had started, and explaining its harmless origin.

But the end was not yet. Whenever Mr. Adams met Miss Lawrence, Daisy's words would come into his mind, and the idea of Miss Lawrence "falling into his arms" did not seem at all distasteful, in fact each time they met he was more impressed that she would make a very desirable armfull, and at last, in spite of Miss Lawrence's blushes and evident avoidance of his attentions, he proposed and was accepted. And Daisy Green, aside from father and mother, has no more devoted friends than Mr. and Mrs. Adams. They date all their happiness from the day on which Daisy went out making parish calls.—*Mrs. Susie A. Bisbee, in Golden Rule.*

That Was Who He Was.

Not long since a young lady of New York City took it into her head to get married without paternal consent. The young man whom she loved was objected to by her father on the ground that he was not well enough off, as far as the world's goods were concerned, to take care of his daughter, and, although he had never seen his intended son-in-law, he asserted that he was not competent to earn for her a respectable living. In spite of opposition, however, the wedding took place at the time appointed, and it is needless to say that the father was not numbered among the guests. The young people found a modest home in the neighborhood of the parental mansion, and still the irate father refused to recognize them. But he was not of an unsocial nature, and he was noted for making acquaintances on horse-cars on his way to and from business. It was not strange, therefore, that he entered into conversation with a sociable young man at his side on his way home the other evening, but it was a little surprising, as he was rather cautious, that he should have been so entirely fascinated by the young man's remarks. "Why," he said, "you are a person exactly after my own heart; you display in your words a remarkable business tact, and are destined to be a rich man. If it is not an impertinent question, who are you and what is your name?" "I am your son-in-law," quietly observed the future Vanderbilt, as he motioned to the conductor to stop the car.

—Cocoanut Pudding: Beat two eggs with one cupful of new milk; add one-quarter of a pound of grated cocoanut; mix it with three tablespoonfuls each of grated bread and powdered sugar, two ounces of melted outter, five ounces of raisins, and one teaspoonful of grated lemon-peel; beat the whole well together; pour the mixture into a buttered dish, and bake in a slow oven; then turn it out, dust sugar over it and serve. This pudding may be either boiled or baked.—*Chicago Journal.*

Youths' Department.

"THE SWEETEST MOTHER."

Little Hans was helping mother
  Carry home the lady's basket;
Chubby hands of course were lifting
  One great handle—can you ask it?
As he tugged away beside her,
  Feeling oh! so brave and strong,
Little Hans was softly singing
  To himself a little song:

"Some time I'll be tall as father,
  Though I think it's very funny,
And I'll work and build big houses,
  And give mother all the money.
For," and little Hans stopped singing,
  Feeling oh! so strong and grand,
"I have got the sweetest mother
  You can find in all the land."

—*Mrs. M. E. Sangster, in Harper's Young People.*

TROT'S ADVENTURE.

One fine spring morning a fine little girl came toddling in to be admired by her admiring grandma and aunties before going down town.

"Tee my tockings!" she said, holding out one plump leg, and nearly toppling over as she tried to balance herself on the other.

"Booful, darling!" said grandma, obligingly; for in her heart of hearts she thought the gay-colored stripes an abomination, and considered white to be the "only proper thing for little girls," or anybody else.

"Ozer one's booful, too!" said Trot, holding it out for inspection.

Just then Trot's mother, Mrs. Dainty, came to the door and said: "Come, precious, run; here's the car," which startled the girl so that she toppled over entirely, and had to be picked up and straightened out by grandma, and kissed and comforted by her mamma and all her aunties, which took so long that two or three cars had a chance to trundle by before they were ready to go.

Mr. Dainty's store, so Trot thought, was a very dull and uninteresting place, full of big boxes, hammers, saws, files and nails; so, after she had shown her new stockings to her papa, she went out to the door in search of amusement, and, not seeing anything but a yellow spotted dog which interested her, she slipped out and walked composedly down the street.

She looked back once or twice, expecting to see mother or father after her, but they were busy talking, and if they thought of her at all they supposed that she was just outside the door.

Not being at all in favor of straight lines, she turned up this street and down that, gazing about her with great delight and trying to "make believe" that she was a "big, grown up lady."

She did think of her mamma once, and seeing a pleasant-looking man driving along in a buggy she stood on the edge of the sidewalk and called out as loud as she could: "Mister! Mister Man!"

He looked at the little red-cheeked mite and drew up his horse, saying, pleasantly enough:

"Well?"

"If you see my mamma, tell her not to be worried."

"But I'm afraid she *will* be worried," said he—I think he must have had a little red-cheeked girl at home—"and you had better get right into my buggy and let me take you back to her."

"No, fank you!" replied Trot, with a gracious bow; "I've dot to doe dis way;" with which she walked serenely off and left her new acquaintance gazing after her in surprise and amusement.

"Whose girl is that?" he said to himself as he went on. "I've seen her somewhere before."

It was not until hours after, when he met his friend Dainty coming from the police office; that he was able to place the midget.

Trot made very slow progress, for she had to stop and gaze at everything; but she had crossed and recrossed so many streets that the father and mother, who were frantically searching for her by this time, were completely off the track.

At length even she began to think of being tired and going home; she was not by any means the same Trot who had slipped out of the store-door and started on and exploring expedition, for her hair was in her eyes and her face was sticky and dirty; also her hands, in one of which was grasped the remains of a stick of candy.

The young man with hair parted in the middle was slightly surprised when this little lassie walked in and said.

"I'll take a tick of candy."

"Where's your money?" he inquired.

"I ain't dot no money, but my papa dot a whole pottet full," replied the small customer.

"Where is your papa?"

"*I* don't know," replied Trot, indifferently!

"I'll give you a stick of candy for a kiss," said he.

"All right," she said, and, standing on tiptoe, she kissed him over the counter and trotted off, evidently quite satisfied.

She had worse luck in a bakery, kept by a sour-faced woman, where she applied for a cake.

"How many do you want?" said the woman.

"Just one," replied Trot, patronizingly.

"What for?" was the next question

"To *eat*, of tourse!" exclaimed the midget, astonished.

"Where's your money?"

"Ain't dot none."

"Then go right out of my store, you little beggar!" said Sourface, crossly.

Trot retreated to the door, from which place of safety she faced the woman and said, indignantly:

"I ain't a beddar! You tink beddars wear dis kind of tockings?" and stamping her little foot she stalked solemnly away.

She still tried to make believe that she was a grown-up lady, but with very poor success; she wanted her mamma more and more with each moment, though she was quite above admitting it, even to herself.

She did not dare ask anybody to show her the way home, for her confidence in the general amiability of human-kind was shaken sadly since her experience in the bakery; her little legs, despite the much-prized stockings, began to be fearfully tired, and when the candy was all gone she realized that she was exceedingly hungry.

Kearney street, where she now wandered, was crowded with people, and as Trot walked along she looked wistfully in every one's face, feeling sure that among so many people she must find her mamma; nobody spoke to her, probably because of that calm self-sustained air of hers, which made her seem as if she knew just where she was going.

So tired that she could hardly move, she at length sat down upon the step of a small store, feeling more forlorn than she had ever felt in her life before, and wishing to see her mamma with almost agonizing fervor.

But her rest was not long; a boy who had been left in charge of the store, feeling the immense importance of his position, came out and shook the little waif rudely by the shoulder, saying:

"Come, get out of this! We don't want you blocking up the doorway!"

"You let me 'lone!" cried the midget, jerking herself out of his hand; then, as the full wretchedness of her situation came upon her, she cried out in a flood of tears:

"Mamma! I want my mamma!"

"See here, sir! I've a great mind to dust your jacket for you!" said a young man who had seen the boy, and heard poor little Trot's despairing cry. "What do you mean by catching hold of a little girl that way?" The boy muttered something about blocking up the doorway, and judiciously retreated.

"What's the matter, dear?" he then said, turning to Trot. "Are you lost?"

"No," sobbed Trot, "I'm here; my mamma's lost! And my house, too!

He lifted her up in his arms, and wiped the tears away gently from her poor little dirty face; he was a young fellow, not more than twenty, plain and even rough in his dress, but Trot knew that she had found a friend, and putting both her plump arms around his neck, she said:

"Take me to my mamma!"

"Yes, darling," he said; it seemed a long time to Trot since she had been called darling; and that morning visit to grandma seemed so long ago that she could hardly remember it.

He asked her name, but could not understand her answer, though he tried his best; then he asked her where she lived. "On Bush street" said Trot; but she could tell him no more, only she could tell the house when she saw it.

"All right!" said the kindly young fellow, "then we'll walk until we find it."

He carried her, for she was too tired and footsore to walk, block after block, in the gathering twilight; perhaps he never realized before how long Bush street was, or how heavy a little girl could be, but at last he found it.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Tourse I ture!" responded Trot, joyfully.

He put her down on the doorstep, and kissing her good-bye, walked rapidly away, not even waiting to be thanked by that grateful father and mother whose gratitude words could not have expressed; but in their thanks that night they prayed that a shining mark might be placed that day against his name.—*Clara G. Dolliver, in Christian Union.*

Grandfather's Spectacles.

One day Grandfather Shriff lost his spectacles. "Where can they be? May be they are on the mantel." So he hunted, but could not find them on the mantel.

"Where can they be? Perhaps they are among the books." So he hunted and hunted, but could not find them among the books.

"Perhaps they are in the other room." So he hunted and hunted and hunted, but could not find them in the other room.

"Perhaps they are up-stairs." So he hunted and hunted and hunted and hunted, but could not find them up-stairs.

"Perhaps I dropped them somewhere in the front yard. So he hunted and hunted and hunted and hunted, but could not find them anywhere in the front yard.

"Perhaps they are out in the dining-room." So he hunted and hunted and hunted and hunted and hunted and hunted, but could not find them in the dining-room.

At last he asked old Aunt Harriet, the cook. "Why marster, there they is, right on the top of your head." And, sure enough, there they were. Didn't we all laugh at grandfather!—*Our Little Ones.*

—Somebody writes of Frau Materna and the telephone; "The telephone was another new thing. I called up Chris Ahrens and told him a lady wanted to talk with him, and the next minute they were at it. All about Germany and in German. Lord, how that telephone suffered! The paint fell off the wires; and some of those seven-cornered words nearly broke the box. When they got through the telephone fainted."

—A convicted horse thief gave a New Haven lawyer a sail boat for defending him, and it now proves that the boat was stolen.